Pilgrim

The air on this December night is cold
And bites me to the bone as I depart,
But even Arctic winters couldn't hold
The bitter chill I feel inside my heart.

Trafalgar Square's alive, its cheering crowd
Is merry with the voice of wine and song,
The melancholy traveller is cowed,
Dejectedly he joins the milling throng.

Strangers embrace as happiness abounds,
Contempt and loathing have no part to play,
Tonight it's all for real, good will resounds
Till midnight sweeps its scattered shards away.

And for the fifth year running I stand there:
The solitary stranger in the Square.